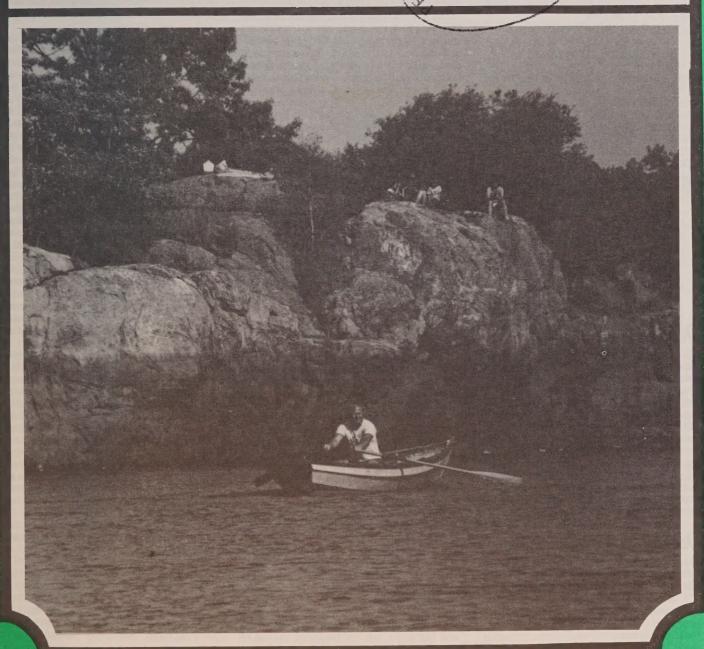


# messing Month about in BOCAS

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# messing about in BOATS

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## Our Next Issue...

will include a report on the Story Ship-yard's new Chebacco 20 cold molded cat ketch designed by Bolger, another Bolger creation, the Pirogue paddling/rowing/sailing kayak plan offered by LaRowe Boat Plans, a look at Mystic Seaport's fall schooner race, the fourth installment of Rowing to Alaska, this one all about the Swampscott dory used. If the weather holds, we'll also have a report on paddling Plum Island Sound and impressions of an Elver, Steve Redmond's popular design built by a Salem, Mass. amateur builder. That should do it.

## On the Cover. . .

The Great Merrimack River Dory Race follows the north shore of that Massachusetts river a few miles upstream from it's mouth, a shore almost totally undeveloped despite great local population pressure and heavy river recreational boat use. A beautiful course for a rowing race.

# Gommentary



#### **BOB HICKS**

In September, my wife and I took in the Great Merrimack River Dory Race in nearby Newburyport, MA. We don't race, but do row the course to experience it and photograph the participants and surroundings. We put in at the Newburyport ramp and rowed about three miles upstream against tide (just turned) and current to the start, then came back down with the race itself. Upstream two hours, back 3/4 hour. A good day though.

Particularly good to note was the improving quality of the water. Yes it still has trash and junk afloat here and there, for it has a lot of upstream marinas. But the affects of over a century of upstream industrial pollution seem to be fading away. With four major mill cities (Manchester, NH, Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill, MA) all using it during the industrial revolution and on until recent years, the Merrimack got a reputation as being an industrial sewer. Like most such rivers, today it has a vocal protector/promoter in the form of the Merrimack River Watershed Association. And, enjoying the race on this fine September day were the executive secretary of that group, and her husband rowing their 1900 canvas covered lake row-

While water quality is the prime focus of this sort of environmental activist group, with most attention to controlling and regulating pollution, the recreational uses of the salvaged rivers in small boats do not go unnoticed. Earlier this past summer this Merrimack River group sponsored a "Source to the Sea" paddle by a group of canoeists to dramatize the improved quality of the river. They didn't quite reach the sea, though they did get tidal. The final day was a blustery one with 30 knot southwesterly winds blowing over shallow Joppa Flats at the mouth of the Merrimack, so the adventurers pulled out at the last bridge in Newburyport, about three miles short of the mouth.

The point was made in local newspapers along the way however.

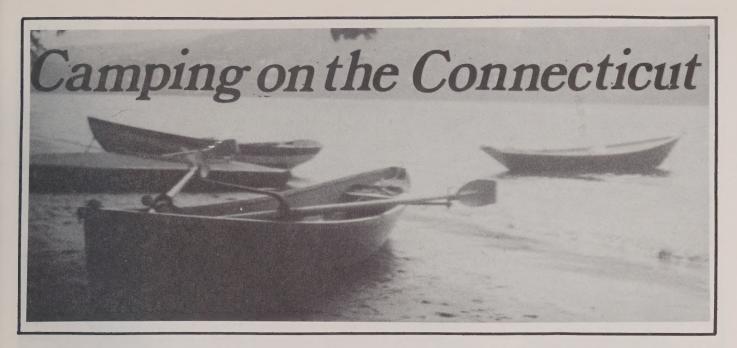
We've seen reports on a similar sort of group watchdogging the Connecticut River, with schedules of canoe trips and small craft gatherings at various locations over its length to dramatize and highlight the recreational values of our rivers as part of environmental pro-

tection and improvement. In our own back yard, the Ipswich River is a highly regarded paddling stream, while much smaller than the other rivers mentioned, it too had a history as an industrial sewer and is now used as water supply as well as recreation.

Sitting at my booth on the float in Newport this year at the Small Boat Show and Wooden Boat Show, Igota close up look at garbage in the water. No question how being in and around a small boat will impress one with water quality. A bigger boat is just far enough off the water to make the scuzz less obvious, but in canoe or pulling boat or small open daysailer, it's right there. While I'm not an ardent environmentalist (but not a polluter either) I have come increasingly to realize that those of us who do enjoy small boats should support efforts at improving water quality in our bays, harbors and streams. Probably many of you already have realized this long since and can chuckle at this Johnny-come-lately to this game, that's okay. I'm not announcing a discovery of importance, but rather just commenting on how it does mean more to me now than it did when I first got involved with small craft.

Well, there's all kinds of pollution that can be found in waters around us, industrial and municipal wastes to individual garbage disposal from boats. While the Coast Guard's bearing down on onboard boat heads might have seemed a bit of overkill in comparisoon to the really big volume pollution from onshore sources, maybe it gets attention. While one can row and paddle onward through floating garbage, cleaning the boat up later, it's not so pleasant an outing as it could have been. Since many of us do our boating in heavily populated urban and suburban areas, we're more affected than those far upcountry on relatively unpolluted shores or streams.

As one small gesture in support of those trying to clean up our waters, I'll bring periodic reports of such efforts to these pages. And support my local area watershed groups. And refrain from contributing my own trash to the collection when out in my boat. It's so easy to just toss it over the side. A bad habit that's been around ever since people lived alongside moving water.



Motley may be too precise a word to describe the hardy crews which pulled their respective hulls up on the wooded banks of the Connecticut River's Selden Island late in July.

The occasion brought 14 members of the Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club, plus a few kids, together to get a closer look at the river's life after dark when most small-boaters have headed home.

The overnight excursion uncovered a resource that may attract other paddlers and rowers who enjoy different types of small boats, and want to actually use them on water that is not rough in the blue-water sense, but is historic and tricky enough to be interesting.

Such outings also seem to extend the appreciation you have for your particular boat, even though she may not be particularly beautiful loaded to the gunnels with enough to eat, drink, and be merry with, as well as offering warmth and mosquito-proofing for a weekend. The trusty craft's performance envelope expands just a bit, and so does yours.

This trip, one of several on-river events organized by the club this year, brought nine boats to a relatively little-known state park on the east side of the river opposite the town of Deep River. Boats were two Folbot singles, a 12-foot Dekanoe kayak, a just-built Persson double kayak, a Hathaway double-paddle canoe, a one-of-a-kind wooden dory, an elegant Chamberlain skiff, and an Appledore Pod.

Latecomers and additional supplies were ferried in by a 16-foot Brockway scow, a boat type frequently seen on the Connecticut, where it's a favorite workhorse of shad fishermen.

The kayaks put in seven miles upriver at Haddam Meadows State Park, and the rowing boats started at Old Lyme and Old Saybrook, about six miles downstream for a rendezvous in the late afternoon at Selden. The schedule allowed people to travel at their own pace, exploring the odd creek as they chose.

The outing was not marked by its austerity.

Boats arrived heaped with provisions. The 16-foot Pod, for example, held one hefty oarsman and Oarmaster rowing rig; two adult-size 12-year-olds; three sleeping bags; three backpacks; a tent; PFD's; and a cooler for a case of potables and rations. Surprisingly, the Pod remained fairly fast and seaworthy with its 500-plus-pound cargo, though its owner confesses to packing the bailer within easy reach and occasionally removing the attention of his crew from their discussions of Boy George and Huey Lewis to matters more immediately of maritime interest.

Even though the island is inland, the river is tidal and can turn up some fairly heavy wind and current combinations. In addition to planning on the tide, it's wise to--as you pack your frail craft with the necessities--consider the probability of encountering wake-making fleets of twin-diesel palaces racing one another to Long Island Sound so that their owners can relax there. A goodly number of offshore-racing-styled "cocaine runners" add to the spice of the channel traffic as well. The river's numerous sailboats are easier to dodge; and no one messes with the tugs and barges. Still in spite of weekend traffic and currents, the river is a great place to row or paddle (as the April Fools Day outing, duly reported in MESSING ABOUT, earlier indicated). Largely undeveloped, its shores have beaches, cliffs, creeks, ponds, marshes enough to keep you occupied all summer. Selden Island--more properly called Selden Neck State Park-is an example of this diversity. It's about two miles long. To its east is a deep, narrow creek which cuts through marsh and rock, to its north is a bucolic pond, Selden Cove, and the west and south are

The island's four campsites are fairly far apart and offer plenty of privacy or carousing room. We chose Quarry Knob, on the southern end of the island.

which let us pitch our tents about 20 feet up on a bug-free plateau while allowing our boats to rest well up into the woods on the riverbank for the night. The swimming's good; a nice sandy bottom, silty but biologically acceptable water, and the occasional passage of Dixieland-band tour boats make the Huck Finn image complete.

Given the fact that the previous evening's indulgence was not limited, it came as a surprise that a few survivors chose to circumnavigate the island the following morning before breakfast. Others crossed the river to take a look at Eustasia Island, which lies in front of the Deep River townlanding and marinas.

As it happened, the sunny morning turned a bit breezy by departure time... and a bit windy about halfway back to Old Saybrook, proving once again that some seamanship is useful even on a pleasure trip. Some took a break in North Cove, just above Essex,others stopped a few minutes on Nott Island, across the river from that historic but somewhat tourist-bound village.

But soon, all were gathered at the Persson Boatyard for refreshment and debriefing...and planning for the next overnight.

Report & Photo by Jon Stratton

OVERNIGHT CAMPING IN RIVERSIDE PARKS

To reserve a spot for overnight at any of the half-dozen park sites along the Connecticut River contact the friendly folks at the Connecticut Environmental Protection office at Gilette Castle State Park at 203/526-2336 or write Donald Grant, Gilette Castle State Park, 67 River Road, East Haddam, Conn. 06423. They recommend early reservations for weekends, and you're limited to one night per site at \$1 per person. So a pleasant cruise for a few overnights could take you to several of these spots on the lower river with safety and economy. Cold spring water, fireplaces, outhouses are near each campsite.

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3



The Hull Lifesaving Museum crew goes at it with great energy.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

## The Mighty Merrimack River Dory Race

"I'd like to have 75 boats, instead of 25," remarked Regina Tracey at the conclusion of the Great Merrimack River Dory Race on September 22nd. It had been a gorgeous warm sunny clear early fall day for the Custom House Museum of Newburyport (MA) Waterfront Day. Behind the Museum on the shore of the Merrimack River a nice small crowd had gathered to view displays of several area wooden boat builders, listen to folk music from a local group, and watch the members of the Continental Navy of the United Colonies (local chapter) demonstrate their ropewalk in full colonial regalia.

The race itself suffered (in attendance) from its image of being only for traditional wooden rowing craft, established last year. Facing up to the limitations this concept imposes, this year's event offered classes for contemporary rowing craft as well, but the word didn't get around enough it seems. The fastest

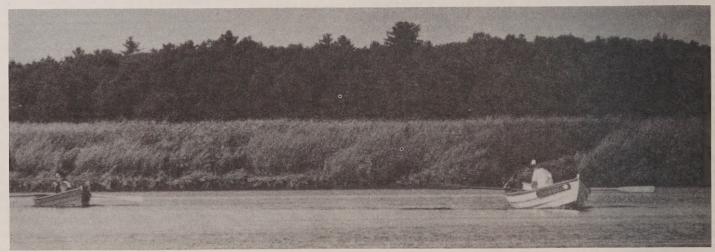
two boats were sliding seat rigs, but most of the rest were various traditionall wooden rowing boats including bulky Banks dories from local Sea Scouttroop. In the multi-crewed class, the kids from Hull's Lifesaving Museum set the pace with great energy, and were similarly exuberant at the awards presentations late afternoon.

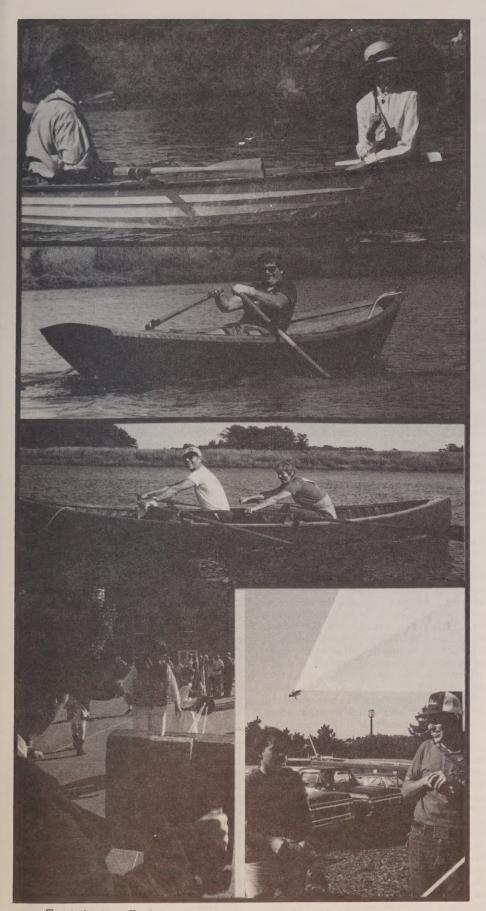
The course is about three miles or so downstream along the north shore of the Merrimack River. It started at the Amesbury town ramp just west of Lowell's Boat Shop (last year's starting location) ducked under the Rt. 95 high bridge and adjacent Chain Bridge into Newburyport, and then followed the northern channel of the river behind several low islands (uninhabited) along a shore made up of saltmarsh and rocky ledges. Not until it rejoined the main channel near downtown Newburyport and the finish, did the course aquire a backdrop of buildings, powerboats, marinas, etc.

It is a really scenic row and with the tide and current fair, a fast trip down-river.

The Custom House Museum is one of those town museums that grew out of a local historical society. The granite building was indeed the custom house in Newburyport's days of sailing commerce, and when the old time downtown went into an urban renewal phase, the old building became a maritime museum to collect the memorablia of the glory days. It's well worth a visit if you are in the area, but hours should be checked first, it's a part time museum. The idea of a waterfront day and an attendant rowing race is a logical outreach by such a facility, and oarsmen, regardless of historical interest (or lack thereof) will find the event an enjoyable one in a very beautiful setting. Look for it on the 1985 calendar, Regina (the museum curator) says it'll happen, "if we didn't lose too much money on this year's event."

Hard to concentrate on racing with such lovely background scenery.





Top to bottom: Period costumes were appropriate. Solo oarsman getting his back into it. The Merrimack River Watershed Association team in their 84 year old lake rowboat. The ropewalk was an interesting demonstration at the finish. Local builders Brad Story (left) of Story Shipyard in Essex and Ralph Johnson of Pert Lowell Co. in Newbury talk shop.

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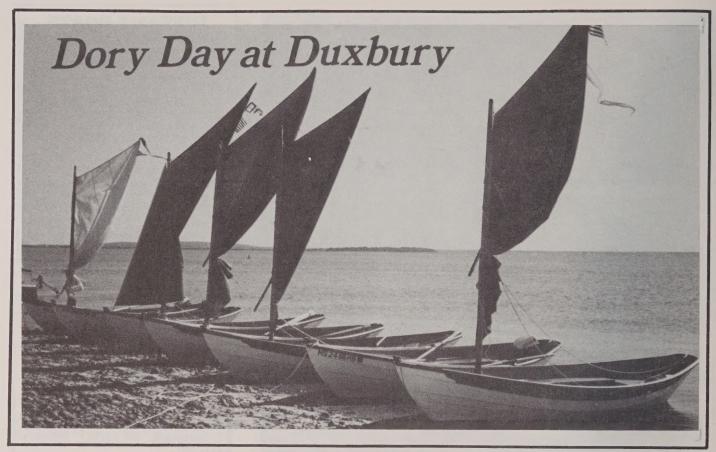


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Considering that Roger Crawford has turned out 120 of his plump Swampscott dories since he sort of jumped into the boatbuilding business in 1975, you'd have thought that more than 6 would turn up for his September Crawford Dory owners' Regatta in Duxbury (MA) Bay. But, that's what came. Roger had hopes for about twice that on the scheduled Saturday, but a windy, rainy day forced postponement to Sunday and in today's busy, busy world, I guess some people could not make the adjustment.

The small flotilla launched at the town ramp and sailed over to the beach in a mild breeze. Duxbury Beach is a barrier beach enclosing a large protected bay and it is also a shallow bay. But the tide was in and water was adequate. The Bay had the unusual scene upon it, in glittering afternoon sunlight, of a half dozen spritsails making their way over the water.

The regatta was really just a sort of get together, no formal races were planned, but Roger did think he would try to maybe work one up mid-afternoon (we had to leave early). "These people are quite inexperienced in some cases," Roger explained, making any sort of real contest an unlikely event.

Roger says his boats sell to new sailors, for they aren't really sailboats of performance. They are very beamy (6 foot) 16 foot Swampscott Dory types designed back in the early '70's by Jon Blanchard. The idea was to give the tender dory hull a lot more bearing to carry sail. At that time, Roger and Jon were involved working in another fiberglass boatbuilding firm, and when that firm failed just before the Boston Boat Show.

Roger seized the opportunity and took one of their boats in to the already paid for space. He wrote up 6 orders, came home, secured the mold, and was in business for himself.

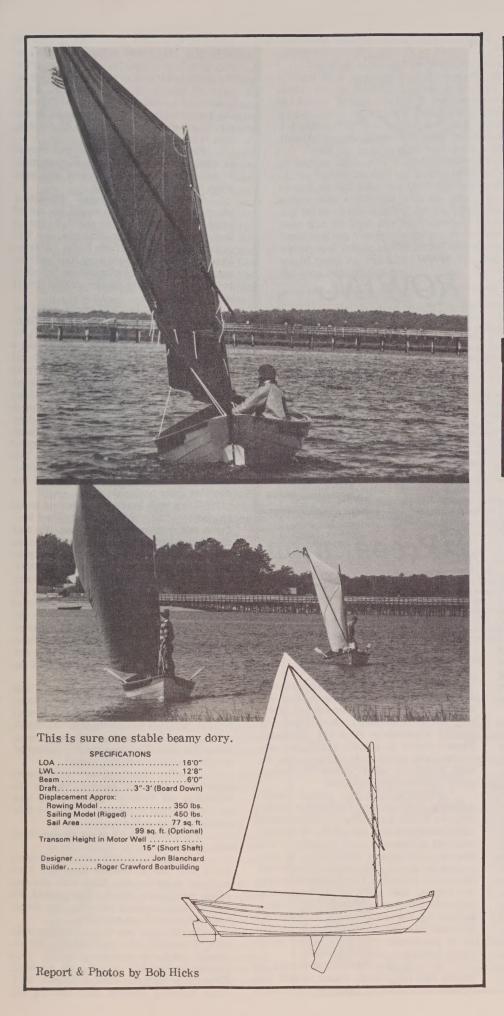
"I try to keep it a simple boat," Roger says. I had asked him if he had considered putting a boom on the spritsail main to improve its downwind performance. Well, it is. The rig strikes easily and stores aboard. The long tiller can be reached from well forward. The only not-so-simple detail was the need to lift the mainsheet over the tiller each time one tacked, for it was attached to the transom below the tiller, no traveler or horse to carry it across. I didn't notice this when we went out until that first tack, and Roger had to point out to me that the mainsheet was now under the tiller. It was only a light breeze, so no awkwardness resulted.

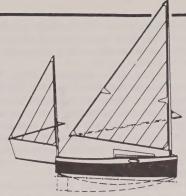
The boat seemed awfully wide to row easily, but with 9 foot oars Roger moves it right along, not exactly a swift pulling boat either. In fact, the whole point seems to be more of an easy novice picnic sailer/rower sort of boat. The people I spoke to seemed to bear out this concept. One family of four has one they keep on the Cape, aside from a dinghy, it's the only boat they've ever had. Another retired man told us he had sailed bigger craft on Long Island Sound in younger days but gave that up infavor of this simpler easy to use boat, "It'll handle a really rough sea, too," he told us when describing adventures outside Scituate in strong winds.

That's Roger's other pitch, safety. The dory is certainly likely to be seaworthy, despite its enhanced beam. The standard rig at 77 square feet won't overpower the boat, Roger doesn't even have reef points in that sail. He has come up with a larger 100 square footer for the more adventurous, and also is now playing around with a small jib to help smooth out airflow over the main. The jib is set flying so no standing rigging is required. Not quite as simple, but perhaps just a bit better...

Roger has full time help from John Dietenhofer, and both also work on boat repairs between orders for the Swampscotts. Roger was making a gunning dory earlier, a sort of slimmed down version fitted with a sliding seat, but he gave up on it after finding little enthusiasm from prospects at boat shows. His simple approach seemed to not meet standards of serious sliding seat oarsmen, although the boat seemed to row well to the novice.

So here's a one man (owner) shop that has survived and turned out 120 boats, all the same basic hull, and that a sort of "enhanced" version of a traditional workboat. The Swampscotts sell now around \$4500, depending on the degree of detail ordered, and Roger sells about one fourth of his production as unfinished bare hulls for owner finishing. He's not felt too badly about this maybe making his boats look bad (a poor job of owner finishing still carries his brand name on it). A couple of the boats at this little gathering were owner finished and looked pretty good indeed. The fanciest was boat #100, Roger's personal craft. And boat #1 was on hand, down from Ipswich, MA for the day, still looking good and pleasing its owner.





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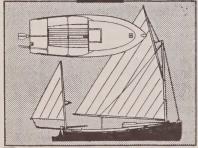
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"Did you row a lot before you left?" "You must have worked out on a rowing machine for a long time before

your trip."

Neither the question nor the assumption is correct. Pete and I thought that the first week or so of the actual trip would give us ample warm-up and conditioning necessary for the sustained pull to Alaska. As it turned out, the early weeks did indeed harden our muscles and quickly - but not without our share

of aches and pain.

We had prepared physically, however, in other ways. Pete jogged and swam, keeping meticulous track of his 'aerobic points', and I worked out at a local fitness salon. Both of us watch our calorie intake (with occasional chocolate binges) and both are physically active with hiking, swimming, walking and calesthenics. Neither of us could be considered large or powerful, however. We are small of stature and muscles do not ripple sensuously on our aging frames.

The only other physical preparation came in the form of a material support. We purchased wrist braces for Pete, who suffers from mild arthritis. It was our reasoning that if his wrists acted up, he could wear the braces to immobilize the joints. This need, fortunately, never arose. For the same reason we asked Geremy Snapp, our boatbuilder, to design our oars to be narrow-bladed so we could row without the feathering action aggravating his wrists.

The planning, preparation, and building of the boat involved several decision-making conferences with Geremy. Pete has written a detailed article on that process which will appear later

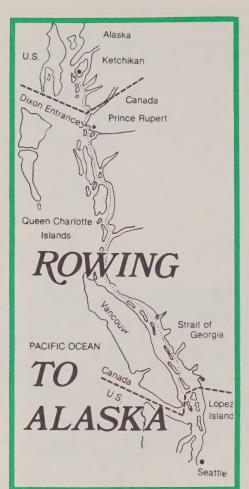
in this series.

We are by nature compulsive list makers. We have been known to turn out lists of daily objectives: take out garbage, buy milk, thaw meat for dinner; monthly objectives: get teeth cleaned, send out drapes, pay taxes. Therefore it was easy to sit down and create seven categories for supplies needed on the trip. They were: camping gear (including fishing supplies), clothing, emergency and navigational aids, first aid supplies, food, ground tackle, and personal.

As we began to fill in material goods under each heading, it became obvious that some sound, professional and/or experienced advice would be essential. For this, we called on our young friends, Mary and Steve Gropp, of Orcas Island. Their outstanding example of adventuresome spirit had served as our original inspiration in undertaking this journey. For experience, they could cite their rowing trips around Vancouver Island and to Juneau, Alaska, from Orcas Island. The latter Steve also accomplished solo.

So last March we spent an afternoon in West Sound interviewing, questioning, and taking notes. Their very practical hints were duly noted and acted upon. (It was only later, somewhere around Namu. that we realized how shallow our questioning had been. We then recognized the impossibility of complete understanding of all that is involved on an adventure such

as this.)



## 3~Preparation, Provisioning, Planning

By Nancy M. Ashenfelter

The category of first aid presented a few problems. Having taught that unit to junior high kids for many years, it was easy for me to envision responsible handling of elementary first aid problems. Thus I threw in elastic bandages, sunscreen, and gauze pads with abandon, but what would we do in cases of illness,

pain, infection or toothache?

While having my annual dental cleaning and checkup. I asked my dentist what he would take along. He is an outdoor enthusiast who was one of the few people who did not accuse us of insanity. From his own wilderness experience, he suggested we take a wide spectrum antibiotic to combat infection. I made a quick note in my tablet, and then at his suggestion added oil of cloves, toothwax and cotton. It was my fervent hope as I left his office that none of these goods would have to be employed, as I doubted our skills when it came to repairing teeth.

My next stop was to visit our family friend and physician, whose casual approach to practicing medicine has always

appealed to us. His contention is that the body will heal most things by itself, so why interfere? However, he did prescribe the antibiotic and a pain medication in case of injury or muscle strain. As it turned out I used the latter to get through the long nights when pain, caused by the stress of eight to ten hours of rowing, shot from fingers to elbows.

Now, on retrospect, we can report on what was essential and non-essential. (A complete list of equipment and sup-

plies follows this article.)

There were several stretches where we assumed we would be out of touch with people or any services for as long as 40 days. For example, we had estimated the run from Bella Bella to Prince Rupert to be between four and five weeks. (We had not planned on Butedale being the haven and supply station that it

Some supplies that were basic to survival were: an axe for chopping firewood (on the ten days it did not rain), to clear campsites, and drive tent stakes; a small camp stove (for the 60 days it did rain), and fuel canisters; containers to collect a two-day supply of the fresh water which poured off the hillsides lining our path; two-person backpack tent, rain-fly, and larger, heavy duty tarp to give us complete protection against downpours. This purchase proved to be one of our better decisions. The tarp, erected first, gave us dry shelter to set up and stow the remainder of our camping gear under its flaps.

Steve and Mary had advised us to get heavy-duty rubber boots. They became our constant companions. We had envisioned stepping on dry, sandy beaches - a vision which was shattered early by slimy stones and barnacle covered rocks. We had little need for the old running shoes we had stashed and no need for my leather sandals. Wool clothing proved essential. Most days we wore five to six layers: underwear, cotton short-sleeved T-shirts, cotton long-sleeved shirts, wool jackets, rain gear. (We broke out our swim suits only once to soak in

Bishop Bay Hot Springs.)

One indespensible item was our sawed-off plastic bleach bottle. It functioned as a bailer (almost daily), a fender (on the rare occasions we tied to a dock), and a urinal (during times of urgent need, when the shoreline was too far removed or unconducive to relief stops).

Happily, most of our emergency equipment was not needed. During the capsizing off Prince Rupert, there was no time to don survival suits, so life

jackets had to suffice.

We consulted all of our navigational

aids daily. The one medication we should have taken was one to control diarrhea. Pete endured a three-day bout with the bug which prostrated him for that period. We finally counteracted it with the time-

honored cure of tea and rice. During my years of working with kids, I learned that motivators are essential tools to ensure success. This proved to be the case for us as well. Chocolate became that delicious tool. Each morning shortly after shoving off, we would recite our list of available chocolate bars. We took turns choosing which kind we would split during the morning break. Pavlov's dogs had nothing on us as salivation set in with the selection. The same held true each evening. We ended our repast with steaming cups of hot chocolate cradled lovingly in raw, calloused hands.

Our preparation included a category called 'personal'. Idealistically, we included books, cards, sketch book, journals, camera with zoom lens, and binoculars. The latter two items, used less frequently than we had imagined, involved removing them from waterproof inflatable containers with double flap closures. And, in the case of the camera, the increased hassle of the leather lens case to boot. Each use also meant cessation of rowing for one of us, which quickly dropped our forward progress to zero or minus knots.

Only our journals demanded daily use. Our last duty of the day was to jot pertinent data and descriptions into our little books. We would then nestle into our usually toasty sleeping bags to read until sleep overtook us - generally about five minutes.

We faced the problem of waterproofing all these goods. Steve and Mary had alluded to the liberal provisions of plastic they had stowed aboard. We optimistically double-bagged everything in garbage or zip-top sacks and then stuffed those into heavy sacks constructed for white-water rafters. (One of my early chores had been to dip 2,000 matches into paraffin, which I did while watching a Sonics game one evening.)

We discovered that NOTHING is waterproof against 60 days of rain, one swamping, and one capsizing. The heaviest-duty sacks performed the best, and those contained our sleeping bags. If we were to undergo another water adventure, we would purchase the best bags available, and heavy zip-top plastic bags not your average sandwich containers. (By the way, paraffining matches is useless. The water seeps up the wooden stems under the waxed head. We ended up carrying matches in the breast pockets of our wool jackets where they could absorb body heat).

Once the materials were safely jammed into their various-sized containers, I sat back and surveyed the enormous pile we had created.

"Pete, we will never get this all in the Surfbird," I wailed. "What can we eliminate?"

He calmly paced off 17 by four feet in our living room and we dragged the whole mess in and stacked the containers in the rough shape of a boat. It all appeared to fit, but left no room for our bodies!

The heaviest bags seemed to be food and camping supplies, so we eliminated a few items which had duplicated others or been inserted as back-ups. We then hauled out bags of oatmeal, Tang, pancake mix, rice, Bisquick, and dried fruit, and packed them for shipping ahead to Bella Bella. (It worked out well and the items were gratefully and joyfully con-

sumed during the second half of our expedition.)

We also arranged to have six additional fuel canisters shipped to Bella Bella. By the time we arrived at Big Bay on Stuart Island, B.C., it had become apparent our fuel supply would not last to Ketchikan, so we called our son, who cheerfully complied with the request.

With the details of closing our house prepaying bills, and farewells taken care of, we finally pushed off for Lopez Island to pick up and load our boat. Our station wagon was crammed with all our gear and three of our adult children. The final step was to haul the boat down an embankment on Geremy's property to the water, and row it to Odlin Park where we would camp for the night before starting the long haul to Alaska.

Camping and Fishing: Aluminum foil

Five-gallon water containers

Fuel cannisters for stove

Axe Camp stove

Line

Cast iron fry pan

Liquid detergent

Mosquito netting

Plastic scrubber

Poly bottles

Shower bag

Sleeping bags

Tarp and poles

Water purifier Zip-top baggies

Crab jig

Fish net

Hooks

File

Jigs

Knife

Line

Lures

Sinkers

Jeans

Sandals

Sweaters

Sweat shirts

Shorts

Sox

Clothing:

Plastic worms

Rain gear Running shoes

Boots (heavy-duty, rubber)

Gloves (light leather)

Hats (sun and wool)

Fishing Supplies:

Tent and poles Waterproof matches

Shovel

Our three young people wanted to test Surfbird for seaworthiness, so we let them row her to Odlin Park while Pete and I walked back through the woods.

The five of us shared a 'last supper' and hugged and kissed goodbye at the ferry dock. As they drove our car aboard the Klickitat, confetti, streamers, and paper noisemakers shot from every win-

"Goodbye Mom and Dad," they screamed, "We love you!"

We waved until the ferry was out of sight. Then, as I secretly wondered if I would ever see them again, we turned and trudged back toward the adventure of our lives, one which proved to be an arduous expedition well worth the meticulous planning.

#### **Equipment and Supplies**

Swim suits T-shirts (long & shortsleeved) Underwear (long & regular) Emergency Equipment & Navigational Aids: Cook set (pans, dishes, cutlery) Emergency kits Flares Life jackets Mirror

Smoke signals Strobe light Survival suits Veri pistol VHF handheld radio Whistles Charts Coast Pilot Compass Current books

Tide books First Aid Supplies: Antibiotic cream Aspirin Bandages

Dental kit: cotton, oil of cloves, toothwax Ecotrin (arthritis medication)

Elastic wrap

Eye drops
Pain medication (prescription) Sun-screen

Wide spectrum antibiotic Wrist braces

Food: Bisquick Butter Carrots Cheese Chocolate bars Coffee

Dried fruit Dried milk Granola bars Honey

Hot chocolate mix

Jam

Juice powder Nuts Oatmeal Onions Pancake Mix Peanut butter Potatoes

Raisins Rice Rye crackers Salt/Pepper

Sugar Ground Tackle: Anchors (2) Block

Nylon Line (75') Nylon thimble Polypropylene line (375') Styrofoam float

Personal: Binoculars Books

Brush/comb Camera, film, zoom lens, batteries Cards Deodorant

Glasses (eye) Hand lotion Jack Knives Journals (writing) Nail file Pencils (indelible) Pens

Sanitary napkins, tampons Scissors

Shampoo Shaving gear Sketch book

Soap (regular & salt-water)

Toilet paper

Toothpaste, toothbrushes, floss Towels, washcloths

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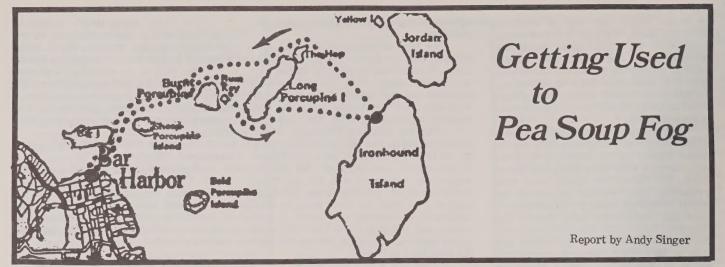
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The swells are rolling in out of the fog from the south, and we can hear them crashing against the dark object on our left (the map says it's Long Porcupine Island). Through the fog we can see the white foam as the waves break on the rocks...

It's the third day of paddling by instrument, and we seem to be getting used to Winston Shaw's Pea Soup Fog. There are five of us today, Chuck Sutherland, Frank Freestone, Matt Broze, Jim Jackson and myself (three others having departed for home and other parts).

We'd put in at the town dock in Bar Harbor and paddled N-NE to Bar Island and to the lee side (north) of Sheep Porcupine Island. Then across the gut to Burnt Porcupine Island and around the north side. We were paddling in and out of a light mist and there was a slight chop. Chuck and Frank had talked about the islands in this area and their scenic quality...even in the fog, as we passed close to shore they were impressive. The solidity of chiseled rock softened by the outline of trees on top.

As we come around Burnt Porcupine Island and move through the gut between it and Long Porcupine and into the wind (coming from S-SE) the decision is made to paddle the exposed side of Long Porcupine Island. The swells coming in and bouncing off the western corner of the island produce respectable reflected waves and capotis. As we moved further around towards Jordan I. and Ironbound I. the irregularity diminished and we picked up some sizeable sets of swells, they seemed like 6'-8' to me (Chuck says 5'-6'). Matt suggests moving further away from the island and the rocks, in case someone gets in trouble we would have more time to deal with a problem (before being hurled against the cliffs). We swing south then east and the waves change direction slightly as they round Ironbound I., we're now in a following sea. We've pretty much come through the tricky stuff, still with a stiff breeze and paddling along.. and Jim's upside down. I am slightly behind and to his left and see him a fraction of a second after he goes over. I move in to assist if necessary. Jim tries to roll twice, looks like he almost

makes it...doesn't and comes out seeming a little surprised at finding himself in the water, By this time Matt is moving around to the far side and I am next to Jim. Everyone else is getting in position to assist if needed (we are according to the chart, in about 250'-270' of water). Jim is between my boat and his, I take his paddle and Jim flips his kayak right side up, shipping an amazingly small amount of water. Having watched Chuck demonstrate his "three point, up and in" rescue at the symposium this is what we use. With Chuck and Matt coaching Jim is back in his boat fairly quickly and pumps his boat out with Matt's pump. Jim's was not accessible behind his seat.

Jim seems a little perplexed as to how he wound up in the water and after a few minutes realizes that a thigh brace which had been glued to the boat, has broken. If it broke before the capsize, possibly resulting in a loss of balance. If after, possibly affecting the success of his roll. (Jim said his pool rolls are good). I don't know what was going through his mind while capsized, but it didn't seem like he was panicked or in trouble. Surprised yes, and perhaps as we all are now and again, reminded of our mortality (you can't see the bottom of the pool in 200° of water, especially on a foggy day).

Not to belabor what was, in reality, a "minor incident" ... it could have been me, or I suppose anyone else, in the water that day. It was not a minor incident by accident. I had the feeling that everyone in that group was at least peripherally aware of the other paddlers at all times and although I assume responsibility for myself, it's nice to know there are others to lend assistance (and know how to) if needed. It also reinforces Matt's suggestions to practice rolls and other self rescues in "real" conditions as much as possible.

Contrary to what it may seem here, it was only a few minutes, and we were on our way. But there are lessons... and for me, since I paddle alone much of the time, things to think about.

A sailboat under power approaches out of the fog. It seems like it might be coming a bit close. We toot our minihorns, they pass close and ask directions

to Bar Harbor.

By now it is getting past lunch time and all are hungry and eager to land and eat. We paddle toward Jordan I. and Ironbound I...As has been the pattern this week, as we near landfall the fog begins to lift. We land on Ironbound I. pull the boats up and eat. It seems like it will clear up. We can see Long Porcupine I. (whence we came) in the distance, and from where we sit, it looks almost flat calm all the way across. The seal Frank spots offshore doesn't move...another lobster pot bouy...others we see later do move.

When we are ready to head back, the fog rolls in again. By the time we are in the water and paddling for the NE tip of The Hop, a small island off Long Porcupine, it is a sure bet it will not be clearing up...Ironbound I. disappears behind us.

Chuck leads the way, we are headed for the protected route back to Bar Harbor, lee side of Long Porcupine. As Chuck round The Hop, his 9' paddles stop for a second and a shout of "BALD EAGLE" takes the place of a fog horn... I see the bird winging its way into the mist ahead of Chuck. There's thunder in the distance as we cruise along the north side of Long Porcupine. We come up on a "Lobster Tour" boat, its radar spinning, Matt asks the skipper if he picks us up on his screen. I am curious to know what his boatload of tourists thought of five kayaks sliding out of the fog and disappearing into the rain that had begun to fall in earnest.

The rain tastes sweet as we paddle behind Burnt Porcupine and across the gut towards Sheep Porcupine Island. The Lobster Tour boat catches up and passes us...the skipper shouts that he "picks us up on radar as a group", not as individual boats.

As we come into the harbor, I recognize boats we had passed on the way out, I guess we're in the right place... yea, Chuck and Frank.

I would like to report that Matt Broze, who went to great lengths to successfully keep his last dry pair of sneakers dry the whole trip, stepped in a puddle in the parking lot while unloading his boat. A deep puddle.

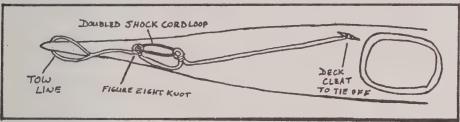
## Improving that Towline

Most books on Sea Kayaking recommend having a tow line, and say the stern of the boat is the place to attach it. Unfortunately, most factory installed setups use a shock-cord loop through the stern and the line attached to the shock cord. This can present a potentially dangerous situation because shock cord is far more susceptible to both wear and degradation due to UV light. Most of us tend to neglect maintenance to one degree or another instead of replacing all cord and lines every two to three

Diagrammed below is the system I use to prevent the loss of a tow and still have the shock absorbing benefit of a

shock cord. Bob Walker ad I have tested this system and highly ecommend it.

Tie the tow line airectly through the stern of the wat or attach it to the stern toggle loop. Approximately a foot from the tie-in form a figure eight knot on a bight. About 18 inches further forward tie another figure eight on a bight. Make a doubled loop of 3/16" diameter shock cord about 10 to 12 inches long to link the two figure eights. This system keeps the tow line attached even if the shock cord loop breaks. The potential disaster of losing a tired or injured paddler is eliminated with just about 10 minutes of work.



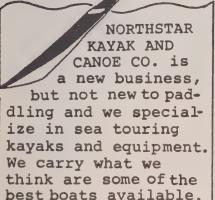
Report by Dave Anderson

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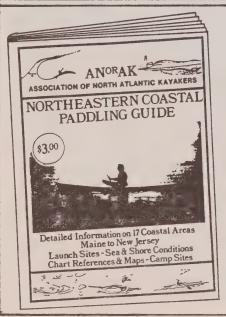
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# What's happening...

NOVEMBER 8: MARITIME LECTURE,

HART NAUTICAL MUSEUM, MIT, CAM-

for publications at Mystic Seaport Mu-

seum will present, "A Revolution in the

New England Fishing Industry, The Bay

State Fishing Co., 1905-1938. Program

is at 7 p.m. at Museum at 265 Mass. Ave.

in Cambridge, MA. No admission fee.

Andrew German, Associate editor

NOVEMBER 1: MONTHLY MEETING OF SMALL CRAFT ASS'N OF PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM, MA.

Regular monthly meetings of this Massachusetts north shore small boat group are on again throughout the winter with regular feature programs each month. Call Bob Hicks at (617) 774-0906 for details of November program.

NOVEMBER 11: 4-HOUR RADIO CONTROL MODEL YACHT RACE, NEED-

BRIDGE, MA:

HAM, MA.
Contact Bob Francis at (617) 8993662 for details on this endurance race
for model sailing yachts.

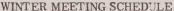
NOVEMBER 17: JIVE TURKEY RADIO CONTROL MODEL YACHT RACE, NEW YORK, NY.

Contact Richard Plaut at (212) 249-3772 for details on this event held in Central Park. DECEMBER 6: MONTHLY MEETING OF SMALL CRAFT ASS'N OF PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM, MA.

This meeting is planned to feature Larry Zuk of the American Canoe Ass'n with a presentation on building strip planked sailing canoes and rigging them. In addition to slides, a couple of rigged canoes will also be displayed. Meeting is at 7:30 p.m. at Museum, East India Square, Salem, MA. Guests are welcome. Contact Bob Hicks at (617) 774-0906 for further particulars.

DECEMBER 12: MARITIME LECTURE, HART NAUTICAL MUSEUM, MIT, CAM-BRIDGE, MA.

Llewellyn Howland, III, yachting hisorian will present, "Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., the Irresolute Years. Program is at 7 p.m. at Museum at 265 Mass. Ave. in Cambridge, MA. No admission is charged.



I am gathering information on indoor winter gatherings of boat nuts for this page and expect to add to the above in upcoming issues. If you or your group has something planned, let me know by calling me at (617) 774-0906 or writing to BOATS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984. Earliest possible notice is best.







#### A SAILING SWAMPSCOTT

Spotted at a yacht club event on Lake Massapaug in Sharon, MA was this graceful craft. It turned out to be a 40 year old decked sailing Swampscott dory. The rig was not traditional, being a modern high aspect affair, and the hull was covered with fiberglass, "to keep it afloat," said the owner. But the lines were the real thing, the ultimate development of the workaday Swampscott dory as a recreational sailing craft back in the earlier part of the century.

#### IT'S A MATTER OF SCALE

In our report on the Wooden Boat Show in the October 1st issue we included a photo of a large steel motor yacht complete with onboard helicopter. Well, someone in Marblehead had a similar idea, judging from this boat seen in the harbor there in August. A more modest powerboat complete with ultra light aircraft on the rear deck.

#### WHO REMEMBERS DENNIS MATT?

Marbleheaders and readers who were with us back in November 1983 might recall the strange craft this man built to go treasure hunting in the Meditereanean. Well, in December Dennis left town, a yard bill at the boatyard, his six cats to the office girls at the boatyard, and his weird plywood boat. The yard hung it on a mooring. In August of 1984 we passed through Marblehead harbor and noted Dennis' boat still there on that mooring, with a modern graphics job done on it by persons unknown to us. It still floats.

# What are YOU Building?



BILL CLEMENT'S RUSHTON

To all those who visited my display at the Wooden Boat Show and asked how my Rushton Princess sailed, I can now enthusiastically answer, "GREAT!"

With my prototype of the folding centerboard in hand, I trailered the Princess to the shores of Nicatous in northern Maine and spent several days sailing, testing and enjoying the boat. I was able to sail in a variety of wind conditions from ghosting to a near gale, the latter with reefed main only. I tried all the combinations, main only, main and mizzen, reefed main and mizzen, reefed main alone. It worked fine. I could easily raise, lower or reef any sail from the cockpit.

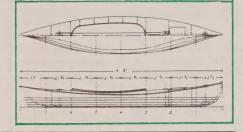
Starting off, I would raise the mizzen first and sheet it in tightly. This would bring the bow into the wind and hold it there while I got the main up. I did have some troubles tacking occasionally, in part, I feel, due to my unfamiliarity with the ketch rig. This is part of the fun of this sort of sailing for me, working out the best ways to control progress.

I did put the boat over once when a wind gust caught the boom on the wrong side. It was in deep water and I was wearing a PFD. In a way it was a GOOD experience for it allayed any fears of how the Princess might handle. I was able to easily pull the rig off from the water and let it trail behind by the halliards. The boat then righted itself but, full of water, it was nearly awash. I was able to bail it with a bucket extracted from the storage compartment while I was still in the water. Alternatively, I could climb astride the stern and paddle from a kneeling position back to shore while the boat was still awash.

I felt the boat was very stable and controllable. Sitting on the windward deck I could bury the lee side up to the coaming without any feeling of imminent disaster.

It was a GREAT experience, I had a ball, and you would too!

Bill Clements, No. Billerica, MA.



With the winter building or restoring season soon to be upon us, I want to invite interested readers to tell us what they have going for winter projects. I'm not limiting this to amateur builders, any

interested professional boat builders who are building any interesting boats, or restoring them, are also invited to tell us about them. A photo or two would be welcome.

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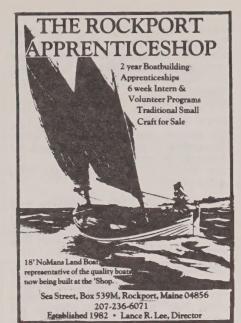
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NAT BRAY, Brooklin, ME (207) 359-

# Classified Marketplace

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CARL ERICKSON, Verona, NJ (203) 438-0311, ext. 493 weekdays. (12)

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BILL DURANT, Marshfield, MA (617) 834-9381, (14)

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LILA FREDRICH, Gloucester, MA (617) 283-2819 days, (617) 283-9243 eves. (12)

TO LOWEST BIDDER! 19' Lightning wooden hull with mast, rudder, centerboard. Recent restoration work but requires more. Good project for winter. JIM TEW, Concord, MA (617) 369-6623.

SEA KAYAK, Eddyline Orca in excellent condition, red with white trim, foot controlled rudder, bow and stern access ports, compass mount and compass, spray skirt. Asking \$700. ERNIE PALMIERI, Peekskill, NY (914)

739-8326, (12)



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RESTORED TOWNIE: Town Class sloop #1076, a rare copper fastened Townie built in early 1960's. Restored to good useable condition and nice appearance. Sails new in 1972, used one season only. All bronze fittings, etc. Canvas deck new, varnished trim and spars. \$1500 firm. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA (617) 774-0906.

16° KAYAK, mahogany plywood. Open cockpit suitable for one or two persons with rudder as a kayak or as a sliding seat rowing boat. \$400. Also Martin Oarmaster with F. Collar 7'6" oars, like new, \$400. Rushton canoe, Vesper model, with two rudders, cockpit cover. 15' long, 30° beam. TOM SLEEPER, Marblehead, MA (617)

631-1855. (13)

SEVERAL WOODEN CANOES: 18' Morris wood & canvas canoe, \$250 as is, \$800 restored. 17' wood & canvas unknown make needs plenty of work, \$50. 16' Chestnut wood & canvas, useable,

KEVIN MARTIN, Epping, NH (603) 679-5153. (12)

WANTED: MAHOGANY RUNABOUTS. Have trailer, will travel. DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA (617) 631-5571. (13)

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MAYNARD BRAY, Brooklin, ME (207) 359-8593 eves.

HELP! I need lower end of Mercury 9.8 Model 110 outboard motor, or will buy complete for parts.

JOHN ELLIOTT, Marblehead, MA (617) 631-0472. (13)

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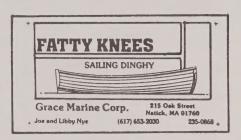
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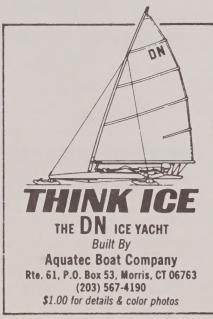
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